

Louis XIV. King of France
The French KING's Wedding: 23

OR, THE

ROYAL FROLICK.

Being a Pleasant Account

Of the Amorous Intrigues, Comical Courtship,
Catterwauling and Surprizing Marriage-Cere-
monies of *Louis the XIVth.* with *Madam*
Maintenon, His late Hackney of State.

With a LIST of the Names of those that
threw the Stocking on the Wedding-Night,
and *Madam Maintenon's* Speech to the King.

As also, a Comical Wedding-Song sung
to His Majesty, by the Famous *Mon-*
sieur La Grier, to the Tune of *The*
Dame of Honour.



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The French King's Wedding, &c.

HIS Most Christian Majesty having been lately tormented with a melancholly Train of *Job's Comforters*, one upon the Heels of another, even from the beginning of this unfortunate Campaign to this time; first, his *Scotch Disappointment*; 2dly, his *Defeat at Oudenard*; 3dly, the *Loss of LISLE*; 4thly, the *Elector of Bavaria's Miscarriage at Brussels*, and his *Army's shameful Disgrace on the Scheld*; and 5thly, the mortifying *Surrender of the Citadel of Lisle*, after so many *Boasts of Starving the Confederate Army*; and lastly, the sad Prospect of not only losing *Ghent and Bruges*, but *Newport, Ipres, and Tournay* also. I say, these dreadful Considerations put his Royal Body into such Disorder, that all manner of Diversion rather added to, than abated his Vexations; till remembering the old Proverb, that a desperate Disease must have a desperate Cure, design'd to *Marry at a Venture, and Mourn no more*; and rather than have a Wh-----e of another Man's making, it was Resolved in a Cabinet-Conncel, *Nemine contradicente*, that he should have one of his own: in order to which, his old *Quandom Make-Sport*, *Madam Maintenon*, was proposed, and the Royal

Assent

Assent given to it, with as much Joy, as a *Convent-Garden Rake* when he gets an *Orange wench* in a dark Alley, fit for his purpose; tho' she not only picks his Pocket at parting, but leaves him the *Crinkums* as a Badge of her Favour.

But to proceed to the Wedding.

As a great many Words won't fill a Bushel, so you may be sure but few were us'd to make up the Bargain; for when Tools are fitted before-hand, there is the less trouble to put them in their Orders: For, according to the Honourable Language of a Commander, 'tis but *to the right about as you were*, and the Business goes forward with a Jirk.

No sooner did the Amorous Dutcheß receive the welcome News of her Royal Engagement, but the old Cockles of her inward Apartments began to thump and beat like the Clack of a Pair of Bellows, or the Musick of a *Salt Box*; nay, so eager was the old thrown by Trumpery to be used again, that she could hardly contain her self from making the Motion as the Royal Posset was preparing. But before I come to that part of the Story, I will give you the Words of the Cardinal who join'd them together, in Verse as followeth.

Great *Lewis* take, for Conscience sake,
 (Tho' some thy Marriage Grutches)
 Dear *Maintenon*, whose Title's gone,
 She is no more a Dutcheß.

Better or Worse, to Bless or Curse,
 Forbid it I do see none :
 But yet they may, some other Day,
 Because she's made a QUEEN on.
 'Tis true, I know, some Kings did so,
 Great *Solomon* and others :
 But these odd Rules did make 'em Fools,
 Altho' your Royal Brothers.
 Your *Maintenon* and you are one,
 Now I have put the Ring on ;
 I wish you Joy to get a Boy,
 That's fit to make a KING on.

The Marriage thus Solemniz'd, the Royal Pair
 was Conducted in great Pomp into the Wedding-
 Chamber of Presence, in order to partake of that
 Bliss in a Lawful manner, they had enjoy'd so
 long according to the way of the World, at
 which time the Royal B-----, who had always
 Wit enough to make a Fool of a K-----, made a
 Learned Speech to her most Christian Spouse,
 as followeth.

Great Sir,

SINCE You have heaped more Favours on
 my unworthy self, than can be number'd in
 the imperfect Journal of my Memory, and now
 raised me to that Pitch of Grandeur as no Ad-
 vancement can soar above it : I am only able to
 assure Your Majesty, That what I want in Birth
 shall be made up in Bed, having reserved some se-
 cret Charms (conceal'd like Sparks in a Flint) for

Yours

Your Majesty's Refreshment; & tho' I am not young enough to cherish Your Bosom like K. David's little Miss of Honour, yet I have Art enough to receive some decay'd Stroaks, that Your Majesty perhaps hath seemingly taken your leave of. And I hope Your Majesty will have no cause to repent Your Bargain, when I shall give the Generals of Your Army better Advice than they follow'd at the River *Scheldt*, when they let the Enemy pass it in their sight without striking a Stroak, & the Cittadel of *LISLE* fell into their Hands, when it might have been as easily Relieved at that time, & with less Danger than the Enemy Relieved *Brussels*, But I will say no more of the War at this time, because I have a more softer Subject before me; & I question not but will be better manag'd, especially on my Part, & I hope on Yours too, or else I shall have but a bad Night on't. In the mean time, let us prepare our Forces for those Amorous Engagements at Home, & leave Affairs Abroad to a more convenient Season.

The Queen.

The Royal Bridegroom listned to her Oration with as great Pleasure and Attention, as a Blind Horse to the rattling of old *Beans* in a Bag, or a Sow to the falling of *Acorns*; which being ended, he took her by the Hand, and desired Her Majesty (for now he call'd her by that Name) to hasten her Body within the Royal Linnen, giving her the signal to be there with as great Expedition as an Old Monkey could crack a Nut, or a young Lad

discharge a Squirt-Gun ; where I must leave them to their wonted Felicity, till I give you a Catalogue of the Wedding-Folks that threw the Stocking, and their various Behaviours.

Great *Dolphin* & the little Brat of *Spain*,
With Red-Nos'd *Burgurdy*, who seem'd in Pain ;
He threw the Stocking, yet he did not mind it,
But bid the B---- his Mother rise & find it :
The *Dolphine* threw too, but with flouts & mock-
ing,

And wish'd there was a Mill-stone in the Stocking,
And so did *Anjou*, with this tart Reflection,
You'd kill'd the Mistress of your Dad's Affection.
Young *Berry* Grin'd. & flung with such a Fury,
He'd like to've broke the Bride's Nose, I'll as-
sure ye :

With that old *Lewis* told him in a Pother,
He was too sawcy to his Royal Mother :
Burgundy's Dutchess then took up the Hose,
And cry'd, Have at the Jilt, my Mother's Nose ;
But whether 'twas in Jest, or by Mischance,
She almost Blinded *Lewis* King of *France*,
Who rub'd his Eyes, & call'd her *Savoy's* Brat,
Threw Kiss-pot in her Face, & said take that ;
Which so enrag'd the rest, they would not stay,
But bid 'em both be D-----d, & went away.

The Guest being withdrawn, the old Fum-
bling Monarch & his Fat-Ars'd Bride, began to
rummage among their stale Furniture, for some
pleasing Wedlock Necessaries, but being too
much

much over-worn, they were forc'd to patch up
 their broken Fortunes as well as they could; &
 instead of the *Royal Game* of *In and In*, the Bride,
 tho' able enough to receive a Gyant's Income, was
 obliged by the Cancell'd Laws of Necessity, to
 accept of that Tantalizing Sport of *Bob-Cherry*,
 to the mortifying Vexation of them both, but
 especially Her New-made Majesty; who to be
 reveng'd on her Royal Bridegroom's Insufficiency,
 ordered the famous Musician *Monsieur le Grace* to
 sing a Bantering Wedding-Song under the King's
 Window the 2d. Morning after the Marriage, a
 True Copy of which I have Transcrib'd from the
French Original, as followeth.

To the Tune of, *Dame of Honour.*

GREAT Monarch, who hath shak'd the World,
 With Noise of Gun and Trumpet,
 Your Sences were of late so dull'd,
 To Marry with a Strumpet;
 Whose eager Flesh will not be serv'd,
 With dry Bobs put upon her,
 Nor will she suffer it to be Starv'd,
 I mean her Puss of Honour.

with Your Majesty good Sport
 with this Renowned Madam;
 But faith there goes a strange Report,
 As if she'd been at Hadum:
 And for your self the Gout and Stone,
 with Arse-Gut-Plagues and Blotches,

Be.

Behind so fore, before Undone,
Not fit to please a Dutcheffs.

The Loss of *Lisle* and Castle too,
Makes Royal Mind uneasie,
And now more work than Man can do,
Must needs again displease ye:
The Plagues of *War* and *Wife* consent,
To send the King a Packing;
You cannot give your Spouse Content,
For she'll be always Lacking.

Your Royal Back is so decay'd,
with motions to your Mises,
That now as soon as up 'tis laid,
with empty Hugs and Kisses,
Sad dismal Story for to tell,
A Bride of *Royal Honour*,
Who cannot take it very well,
when Kings put Tricks upon her.

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You snatch'd her from an Hospital,
And then made her a Dutcheffs;
As some do rise, so others fall,
Thus Beauty Kings bewitches:
At last you rais'd her to the Crown,
A Favour more than common,
And made her Wh---re of high renown,
Above all other Women. F I N I S

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Saviour *Jesus Christ*, with a curious large
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